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STUDENTS

PEW



OCTOBER

1940



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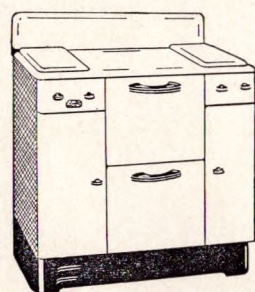
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# The Student's Pen

FOUNDED 1893  
Published Monthly by the Students of Pittsfield High School, Pittsfield, Massachusetts

VOL. XXVI

OCTOBER, 1940

No. 1

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## Greetings to "The Student's Pen"



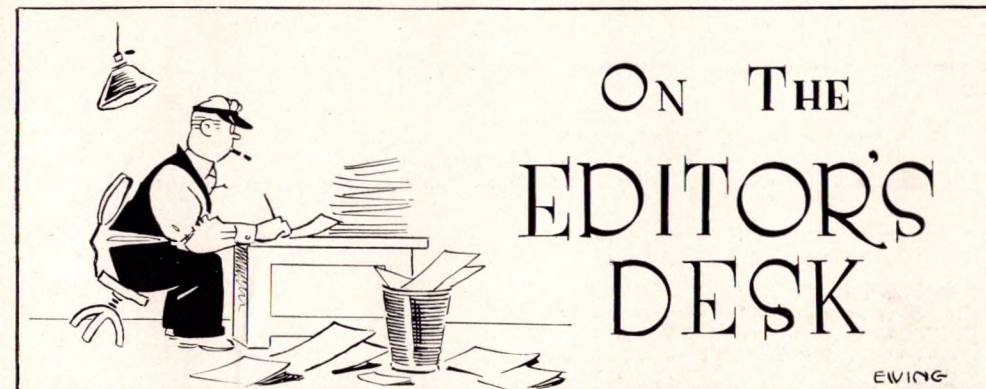
As we begin another year of school in a world of turmoil and conflict, we are doubly conscious of the blessings which we enjoy as pupils and teachers in free America.

Our free schools, which allow us freedom of thought and freedom of expression, afford us opportunities now unknown to most of the world. These rare blessings, possible only under a democratic program of living, will continue to be ours only as long as our government is supported by intelligent thought and action. Those of

us who accept the blessings of freedom and liberty found in American schools, must also accept the obligation of making good use of our opportunities to the end that we may become interested, thoughtful, and devoted citizens.

May we all work so diligently toward that end that this school year will be rich in accomplishment.

ROY M. STROUT, *Principal*



## The Challenge

By Helen Wade

CIVILIZATION seems to be dragging itself into a second dark age, and there is nothing to prevent its doing so—from all indications in Europe—unless we, the free young people of America, awake from a mental sleep and begin seriously and intelligently to take an interest in our government, to understand its background, its execution, and its relationship to our own lives—briefly, unless we strive to become good citizens.

To any foreign youth our securities, opportunities and liberties seem miraculously unlimited, and yet we take them so for granted that we never stop to think what life would mean without them. The privileges assured by our Constitution in the Bill of Rights—freedom of religion, speech and press, and the right of a trial by jury—are an integral part of our way of life; and when we realize how limited they are under autocratic governments, we begin to invest them with their true value, and consider them a precious heritage to be guarded with eternal vigilance.

What we can and will do depends partly on our past. Great things were born in the American Revolution, and those ideals may be repeated; but unfortunately we are as prone to repeat the petty deed as the noble, and we must ever be on the watch that only the great occur again. We must be minute-men on guard against the death of enterprise

and ambition, on guard against the conviction that the world owes us a living, and that opportunity has fled.

It is the common citizen who bears the brunt of any moral, mental or physical attack on a country. It is John Q. Public against whom the aggressor directs his blows. Therefore, it is the duty of everyone of us to be as strong a link as possible in our chain of national defense, to believe firmly in our national principles, and to practice them.

The dictator's power has been gained through lazy minds—people willing to let someone else do their thinking. In Germany you will find the young men ready to lay down their lives in a blind, unquestioning obedience to the leader. This implicit obedience was not developed through careful thinking on the part of youth as to the needs of the nation, but by the power of one mind over an unthinking multitude.

Our generation is called upon to prove that democracy breeds, not weakness, national inefficiency and lack of energetic drive, but rather a sense of individual responsibility toward the nation.

The present crisis is a challenge—a bugle call to American youth—so to prepare our selves now for that responsibility that this nation may ever be to all the world a shining example of peace and prosperity.



# Are We Looking In the Right Direction?

By Monica Wells

IF we at the Pittsfield High School could see ourselves as others are seeing us, where should we find ourselves? At the bottom with the failures; among the "caterpillar" group; or with those on the top who will succeed?

As students we need to ask ourselves why we are in school.

Do we come to play, to waste our time as well as the teacher's? Have we adopted the habit of running with the crowd without consideration for our own capacities or individual development? Or do we realize that we are in school to become educated; to make the most of our time, and aim constantly at true advancement?

Most seniors have attempted to look into the long years beyond high school. Some are planning college careers. Since college requires high scholastic standing, industry, and consistently good work, students who have higher education in view should keep the requirements constantly in mind.

Some high school pupils have already discovered a line of work in which they are able to excel. Whether this be for trade, business, or profession, such students should lose no time in studying and working for the desired goal.

Unfortunately there are many more boys and girls who are as yet unaware of special abilities to guide them in their choice of profession. These need general education and advice concerning the innumerable fields open to young people today.

Planning for the future can never begin

too early. Therefore, it is our task to find our course early, establish it firmly and strive persistently regardless of obstacles.

As adults of tomorrow we are certain to think back to our high school days. Saddened and disappointed individuals on lists of unemployed will wish they could go back to school, work harder, and prepare for something definite.

In the middle class will be those who will wish they had not waited to be led by the hand, but had forged ahead to the full extent of their ability. It will no longer seem important to have done what all one's friends did.

The useful and the happy will be those who had determination and ambition. They are ahead now, and they will still be ahead tomorrow. They will tell you that many more might have stood with them had others given sufficient thought to the future in their high school days.

## AUTUMN WOODS

By Kevin Lynch

The leaves are falling in the silent wood;  
October, lingering, tells her rosary  
On beads of maple flame and birchen gold  
And rubied oak, repeated reverently.

In cloistral stillness, spirits are set free.  
When autumn leaves drift on the quiet air,  
The woodland is a hallow'd place to be,—  
The woodland is a lovely house of prayer.

# My Chameleon Personality

By Marion Secunda

ACCORDING to a rather antiquated version by Webster, "a chameleon is an animal of the genus *Lacerta*, or lizard, with a naked body, a tail, and four feet. The body is six or seven inches long, and the tail five inches; with this it clings to the branches of trees. The skin is cold to the touch, and contains small grains or eminences of a bluish-gray color in the shade, but in the sun all parts of the body become a grayish-brown or tawny color. It has, however, the power of greatly changing its color. It is a native of Africa and Asia."

According to me, a chameleon always was and always will be a rather squirmy little creature that turns the color of its surroundings so that no one can see it. It's his protection, you see—just as a porcupine has its quills, and a skunk, its atomizer.

My protection is my personality. This, I consider a very valuable asset—one which I manage to make use of in many different ways. For instance, when I find myself in Rome and wish to perform in the same manner as its inhabitants—I submerge my personality and seek refuge in being as near like a Roman as possible. Usually, I could kick myself afterwards, for this spineless acquiescence is a sign of weakness. The only reason that we haven't the courage to be ourselves is because we are afraid of being termed "eccentric," and it's that last, little, spiteful fifty cent word that makes so many of us members of classes and masses instead of individuals.

Of course, it's possible to be a chameleon literally as well as figuratively. Don't I always turn a pale but unmistakable pink when I'm embarrassed? Don't I turn a fiery

red when some particularly annoying incident sets my temper on edge? Don't I turn purple with rage whenever I think of the many injustices inflicted upon helpless human beings? Don't I sometimes turn green with envy, especially when I hear a great concert artist play a very difficult passage so smoothly and effortlessly? Don't I ever turn white with fright or blue with cold? Don't you?

There are certain times (almost every night) when I stand and think, and think again—what dress shall I wear tomorrow? In fact, I go into a brown study. Then, there are other times when I begin to feel almost as low as Jules Verne's submarine, for I sit and wait and wait some more—but the telephone just won't ring. I'm in a blue funk.

Yes, it is perfectly simple for me to "chameleonize."

## SEASONING

By Mary Jane Keeney

Autumn—redolence of leaves,  
Foreboding hint of snow;  
Winter—pinch of frosted cheek,  
Spirits all aglow;  
Spring—a blend of wind and sleet  
Tossing hearts on high;  
Summer—thunder showers and heat,  
Rainbows in the sky;  
In her kitchen Mother Nature  
Mixes, pours, and bakes;  
A drop of this,—a dash of that,  
A calendar she makes.



# Millionaire Halfback

By Fred Cande

THE Noel College football candidates trotted out on the university practice field, while a brisk September sun beamed down from a cloudless autumn sky. Two youths were talking together on the sidelines as they prepared to watch the practice session. To say they were loyal rooters wasn't quite right, for Noel College had no real student support. It had, for several seasons running, been in the throes of a slump; in fact it had won nary a game for three seasons. The two were just there to scoff and ridicule the green and awkward attempts of the candidates. One was tall and lanky, but his somewhat handsome countenance was soft and showed plainly that his athletic figure had for some time been put to no test. The other was not quite so tall; his form was slender, and his plain face was topped with jet black hair. The taller of the two was Kirk Allen, 3rd, son of a wealthy financier; the other answered to the name of William Allenby, prospective heir to the Allenby millions. Kirk scoffed as he saw the recruits, "Did you ever see such a clumsy bunch in all your life?"

"They're hopeless!" agreed Will, laughing.

As the practice went on, the two made their presence decidedly and unfavorably known. Every miscue sent them into gales of laughter. Suddenly one of the group, a rugged youth who appeared to know something about the game and who really played some football, called time and walked over to the two.

"What do you two find so funny?" he hissed.

Kirk and Will looked at each other and then at the husky confronting them. They gulped and said nothing. Noting their silence, the footballer continued, "You two playboys think it's a lot of fun to come down here and

ridicule boys who are trying to give your own school a football team. Why don't you come out for the team if you're so good? Or maybe you haven't the nerve!" Then having had his say, he swung on his heel and walked away.

Will Allenby was the first to speak.

"You know, Kirk, I think he's got something there. What business have we got laughing at those fellows? What have we done to brag about except inheriting a couple of million someone else earned for us?"

"He's got a nerve," sneered Kirk. "What business has he, talking to me like that? Me, a four sport star at prep school! I'm leaving this school anyway. Dad is sending me to Stafford U. I just came down to get a last look at what Noel C. calls a football team. I think I'll try out for football at Stafford, so I can pin our cocky friend's ears back in the big game. You better see if you can't transfer, too. All our crowd is going to Stafford."

"I don't know, I think I'll stay here. He got under my skin a bit with what he said. I'm inclined to think he's right," Will answered.

"Well, stay then, I don't much care for your company anyway. By the way, why don't you try out for football?" Kirk scornfully inquired, and then went into gales of laughter as he gazed at his friend's slender figure. Then he walked away, leaving a dazed and somewhat startled youth behind him.

As he watched Kirk's retreating figure, a slow smile crept over Will's face.

"Maybe I will; yes, maybe I will," he thought.

A spectator to all this had been Noel's coach, "Dutch" Andrews. He had watched with approval while Dick Adams, his varsity mainstay, had had his say. He also had seen

and heard the heated words between Kirk and Will, but he was hardly prepared for what followed, and when Will Allenby came over and asked to try out, he almost swooned. Recovering his composure, he called over one of the managers and told him to give Will an outfit. The weeks passed and Noel had its first game, with Will huddled on the bench with the scrubs as he watched the team that had once looked so awkward, now functioning like a single unit, battling gamely against a rugged Trenton College team, but to no avail. Trenton pushed over a lone tally late in the third quarter to eke out a 6-0 victory. The coach realized that he had a great defensive team but one lacking an attack, a situation that looked hopeless. At the other end of the state, Stafford U. had won a lopsided victory with its new star Kirk Allen running wild.

As Will Allenby wandered slowly out of the locker room he felt suddenly alone, for the Noel gridders resented his presence among them and spared no pains in telling him so. He had worked hard and said little, but they still remembered his hilarious amusement at their expense, and the fact that he could buy and sell them all a dozen times only added to their resentment. As he walked along now he was startled as he felt a hand on his shoulder. Turning he saw Dick Adams.

"Do you mind if I walk along with you?"

"It's all right with me," Will mumbled and then fell silent.

"You know you aren't such a bad guy if you'd forget you had money and get down to earth. The fellows resent you now, but once you prove to them you can take it, they'll be all for you. Do you think you can keep on taking it? If you can, I've got an idea. I saw you throwing some passes the other day, and I think you've got something. You are fast, too, and we need a fast man in the backfield. It will mean extra practice. Just you and me after the other fellows leave, but if you're willing to try, I think you can do it. What do you say?"

Will gasped in amazement. This was the first decent word anyone had spoken to him in weeks. Sure he'd do it and more, too! More weeks passed, and Will's slender form began to fill out. A new spring came into his step, and his whole body tingled with life, but still the shadow of his team mates' unfriendliness hung over him. Only Dick Adams was his friend. Will played in a few games and some of his passes clicked; his running improved, and soon he had a varsity berth.

Finally the day arrived for the annual game with Stafford. He and Dick ran into Kirk Allen on their way to the dressing room, and he boasted that they were going to get a chance to see a real team and a real star in action. Stafford U. came into the game unbeaten, while Noel College was one game shy of a fifty-fifty season. Out on the field Will huddled with the team. The coach wished them luck, told them to play real football, and the starting whistle sounded. Stafford kicked off, and the ball came sailing end over end. Dick Adams took the ball and was off. For a second, Will was bewildered; then he came to life. This was his chance. This was to be his day. Today he would right himself with his team-mates. Up ahead, Dick was being hemmed-in. Suddenly a millionaire meteor blasted an opening. Dick went through with a lithe warrior in front of him, cutting down would-be tacklers, like a reaper harvesting grain. He went all the way to Stafford's thirty before they caught him. Then Will took the ball, fading back and throwing a long aerial into the end-zone where Jeff Smith, the left-end, went high into the air and hauled it down. First blood for Noel; that was the start. All afternoon Will stormed over the field. Kirk Allen went out early in the second quarter for the rest of the afternoon. He hadn't gained an inch! Stafford collapsed like a pin-pricked balloon, and when the final gun went off, Noel was out in front 33 to 0. Will silently walked toward the locker room. He



had failed. Not one friendly word had he heard from his teammates. When he reached the lockers, the jubilant team was already there. As he entered, the merrymaking ceased. Silence reigned! His step faltered. He *had* failed! What he wanted most, the comradeship of his teammates was to be denied him. Then suddenly they were all around him, laughing, shaking his hand, pounding him on the back, and then he was yelling, too, and pandemonium reigned. When he left, he didn't go alone. There were a half dozen fellows crowding around him, kidding and joking as only teammates can. When he finally was alone in his room, he stopped to think. He had all the money in the world, and yet, what had given him the most pleasure in his life had cost him nothing but a little effort.

## The Worm Has Turned

By June Ravage

THINK—think hard, and when you have concentrated to the 'unth degree, try to remember your first day at our grand and glorious school extraordinary—P. H. S. I do not know whether a sophomore is allowed to allude to it as if he or she really belonged, because I am told that if you want to split hairs with an upperclassman, that astounding, and I might be permitted to say, egotistical person would waste no time in telling you that you most emphatically did not "belong" in the true sense of the word. I will admit that a junior, still remembering the trials and tribulations of his first year, and particularly his first day, will be a little easier on your ego—but he won't exert himself in the least to put you entirely at your ease. It seems to us, the sophomores, that the upperclassmen thrive

on the fact that once in a while—you notice that I said once in a while—they can find a soph to step on. But shocking as it may seem, the very lowest class of P. H. S. no longer fears an upperclassman nor squirms under his gaze.

The worm has turned!! True, we sophs did wander around a bit on the first day or two, but purely as a means of relaxation, you understand; and true, we did wander in late to an occasional class, but then again there is the old adage to be remembered, "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," and the conscientious sophomores aren't going to allow themselves to be dull—not by a long shot! Also it seems to me from the way things now stand that it's the upperclassmen who are losing books, and ascending and descending the wrong stairs. But never you fear, the class of '43 will take them all in their stride and realize that they are not entirely responsible for their actions.

And now, a word of praise for the excellent way in which the newest class has adapted itself to the traditionally high standards of the school, and a word of encouragement also, to the juniors and seniors. We will not entirely inhume the glory that rightfully belongs to the classes of '41 and '42, but beware—!—we, the class of nineteen forty-three, are on the way up!

## THE SMILE OF A FRIEND

By Margaret Walsh

When life seems so dreary  
And the journey so long,  
Just the smile of a friend  
Will be like a song  
That will lighten your heart  
And bring cares to an end;  
Just a soft, kindly word—  
Just the smile of a friend.

## Fate Steps In

By Martha L. Chapman.

ANN WHITNEY entered her homeroom and placed her books on her desk. No sooner had she seated herself than, glancing out of the door, she saw her friend signaling wildly. Ann wondered what could have happened that was so important. Well, she wouldn't find out just sitting there.

"Ann!" exclaimed Nancy Hill as Ann met her at the door. "I've been asked to the Spring Hop!"

"Ooh, Nan-cee! Who?"

"Bob Cullen!" Nancy beamed.

"He finally did ask you. Oh, Nancy, I'm so glad!"

A sharp, unwelcome ring cut their conversation short. The girls returned to their classrooms. They would not see each other again until lunch time, which was an eternity for two so impatient girls to have to wait.

Ann was happy and excited for Nancy, but she was disappointed because she had not been invited. Of course, there was still time—three weeks anyway. Ann sighed and opened a book. Fate just wasn't on her side.

Ann thought that the time when she would see Nancy again would never come! When the bell finally did ring, she rushed to her locker for her lunch and dashed for the cafeteria. As she rounded a corner on the second floor, she collided with somebody. There was quite an impact as the other person was also in a hurry, and Ann, among a cluster of books and papers soon found that the corridor floor was not the softest and most delightful place to find yourself sitting!

A pair of brown and white oxfords, two dark brown gabardine pants legs, a checked coat, a bow tie, a white shirt, a broad grin, two sparkling eyes, and some very black hair completed the structure that had caused the accident.

Ann gasped, blinked her eyes, and stared! It just couldn't be possible!

"Well, if it isn't Ann Whitney!" said a very pleasant and familiar voice.

"Kenneth Allen! Is that really you or am I unconscious?" It was still unbelievable.

"It's me all right," he grinned, as he helped her to her feet.

"Whatever are you doing in Jefferson High?" Ann brushed the dust from her skirt.

"I'm looking for the office. Could you by any chance show me where it is?"

"Certainly."

"How's everything in Philadelphia and what brings you to Pittsville?"

"Fine. My Dad was transferred here, so I am soon to become a respectable citizen of Pittsville—I hope."

"Marvelous! Where are you living?"

"In a house, silly," he teased.

"Oh—I mean—"

"I know," he interrupted here. "We're living on Pinecone or Pineneedle or something like that."

"You wouldn't by any chance mean Pine-tree Avenue?"

"I think that's it. Know where it is?"

"It runs parallel with Grove, where—"

"Where you live." He finished for her.

"Right. Well, here's the office. I'll see you later."

"Meet me after school, will you?"

"Yes."

Ken started to go into the office when Ann called to him.

"I almost forgot, Ken. Here's an answer to your letter. I wrote it in study this morning."

"Where have you been?" Nancy pounced on her. "I'm starved!"

"I met a friend whom I haven't seen since my summer vacation last year."



"Oh—" Nancy swallowed a half chewed piece of sandwich and began chattering about the spring hop.

Ann couldn't get a word in edgewise or any other wise. She had to sit quietly and listen, or rather pretend to listen. In a short while her thoughts began to wander to Ken. She could hardly wait until school was over. It would be nice talking with him again—and there was so much to talk about!

She became suddenly aware that Nancy had stopped talking and was waiting for her to answer. What had she said? Ann crossed her fingers and took a chance.

"That will be nice," she replied hopefully.

"Nice!" Nancy's voice squeaked with shock. "I said—What if it rains the night of the hop and you say it will be nice! Ann Whitney, you haven't heard a word I've been saying."

"Nancy, I'm sorry," she put her arm around her friend. "I was thinking about something else. I can't explain now, but I'll see you after school."

Ann hoped to see Ken in the corridor, but she did not. Again Fate played victor.

"Hi, Ann," Nancy greeted her chum. "Let's go."

"Not yet—I've got to wait for Ken."

"Ken! Ken who?"

Ann smiled.

"I tried to tell you at lunch, but you didn't give me a chance. Don't you remember when I told you about the boy I met in Philadelphia. I showed you his picture and even let you read parts of his letters."

"Oh—him! Don't tell me he's here!"

Ann nodded. "Here he comes."

Nancy followed Ann's eyes and her mouth fell open. That couldn't be Ken Allen! Why he was so fat he—he—fairly bounced when he walked! Nancy grabbed her friend's arm.

"ANN, that isn't Ken, is it?" Nancy held her breath and her voice sounded very strange and unfamiliar.

"Yes, isn't he nice?"

"Oh, Ann—no-oo." Nancy felt a sinking feeling within, and uttered a painful cry.

"Sa-ay, who are you looking at?" Ann inquired.

"That boy coming down the steps at the right."

Ann began to laugh.

"Silly—that's not Ken. Good heavens!" She laughed again.

"What's the joke?" came a voice so close to

Nancy that she jumped.

"Oh—hello, Ken."

Nancy turned to face the owner of the first voice. He was even better looking than in his picture.

"Nancy, this is Ken Allen. This is Nancy Hill, Ken."

"I feel as though I knew you already. Ann has written about you often."

"Good things—I hope." She liked him immediately.

Ken went over to Ann's house in the evening and visited with her father and mother before going out on the porch with Ann. It was a beautiful starlight night.

Ann and Ken sat on the steps. Ann had taken extra special care in dressing tonight, and Ken found her very pleasing to the eye.

"What's this I hear about a dance?" he asked.

"You probably mean the spring hop." She changed her position so she could see him better. "It's our spring dance—we have one every year. It's going to be held in the gym on May 24."

"Have you been asked?" he waited hopefully.

"No—I—"

"Oh, yes, you have. You're going with me," he grinned. "Luck's with me."

He said good-night and was gone. Ann sat staring into the night. She was supremely happy.

A star winked at Fate, who had been sitting beside Ann all along. She had played her hand well.

## As Others See Us

By Patricia Connolly

THE people of America fail to realize how fortunate they are never to have their sense of security disturbed. Such is the opinion of Eve Kleinhandler, who came to America from Germany two years ago. When she arrived in this country, she was exceedingly puzzled, for she knew not a word of English. She has, however, made rapid progress in her adopted tongue and now speaks fluently, but with a delightful foreign accent.

Her father, a physician, decided to settle in Massachusetts, because it reminded him a little of Germany; so the family moved to Pittsfield, where Eve entered Plunkett Junior High, graduating last June.

When asked if she liked America, her face lighted up and her eyes shone as she said, "Oh yes!" From her expression of delight it was evident that just about everything here pleased her. She loves American clothes, especially swing skirts. She has discovered and revels in Walt Disney's productions. In the old country, she had never been allowed to see, as she expressed it, "a picture with love in it." German boys and girls are still treated like children until they are eighteen, and such pictures of a romantic nature are forbidden them. They do not go to dances until they are eighteen and then only with their parents.

Among the things that were completely new to Eve were lipstick and nail polish—and she had never had a permanent until recently. She likes the long summer vacations here, for in Germany she had only four weeks. During each vacation in the home land her family visited a different country in Europe—which was some compensation for the short length of time allotted for freedom from studies.

Eve deplors American slang and swing music, preferring the waltzes of Johannes Strauss. She says she "just can't dance the jitterbug."

When asked if she was homesick for Germany, she shrugged her shoulders in what has been called the Continental manner and said, "Sometimes I am a little—but only a little," she hastened to add. "I love the freedom and lack of restraint here."

This same freedom will allow Eve to develop her ambition after school, which is to become either a commercial artist or a nurse in an orphanage—both rather uncommon goals. Whatever her ultimate choice may be, here's wishing Eve success and continued happiness in America.

## THE EGOIST

By Pearl Harris

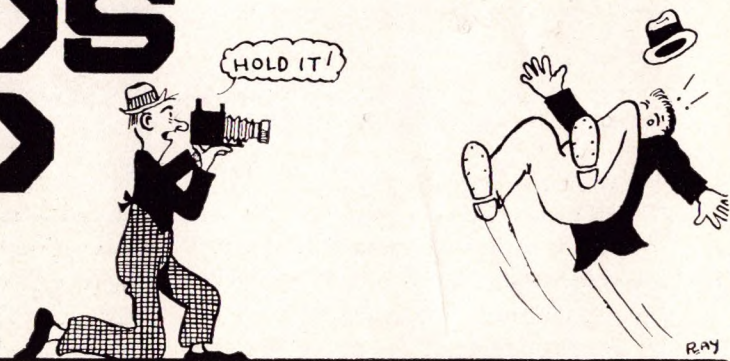
Some people say I'm rather cute,  
I quite agree with them.  
Now please don't think I like myself,  
Of course, I don't—ahem!

A turned-up nose, two big blue eyes,  
Two rosy lips divine—  
All these plus beauty, poise, and charm  
Are just one person's—mine!

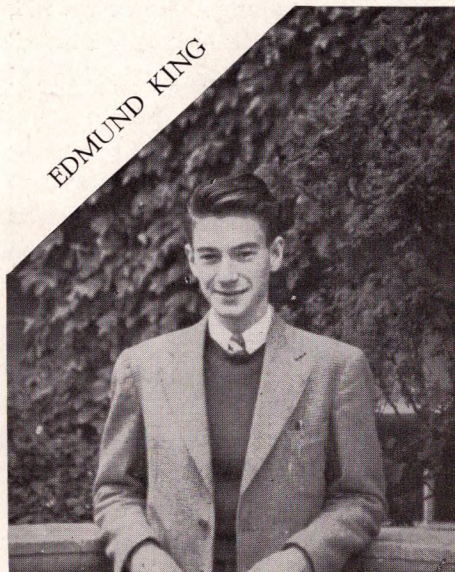
My curly tresses, soft and black,  
The skin I love to touch—  
Oh, no, as you can quickly see,  
I'm not self-centered—much!



# WHO'S WHO



EDMUND KING



## OUR PRESIDENT

Ladies and gentlemen, I give you Ed King. You all know him, if not as president of the senior class, as a quiet occupant of your study hall. He is definitely a "real guy".

His one and only is out of school, so you females have your way unobstructed. He will eat anything that isn't white in color. White is a color to which he seems to be allergic. He is one of the few people I know who gets his marks without copying. Upon being questioned as to where he gets his answers, he unfailingly answers, "Yehudi!" (Quite a guy, this Yehudi). He made no promises, he had no platform, he did not even give out cigars, but he is our president.

HELEN WADE



## OUR FAVORITE VICE

An officer in everything and an all around swell girl is Helen Wade. She is Editor of THE PEN, President of Tri-Y, Vice President of the senior class, Secretary of the Hi-Y council, and Secretary of the Debating Club. She dislikes particularly the roaming rover type of teacher. What she likes are things she shouldn't—ice cream and lemon meringue pie for instance. Helen also has a place for "blondes". She is an Honor Roll student and her ambition is to be as good an editor as her predecessors. We know she'll be successful.

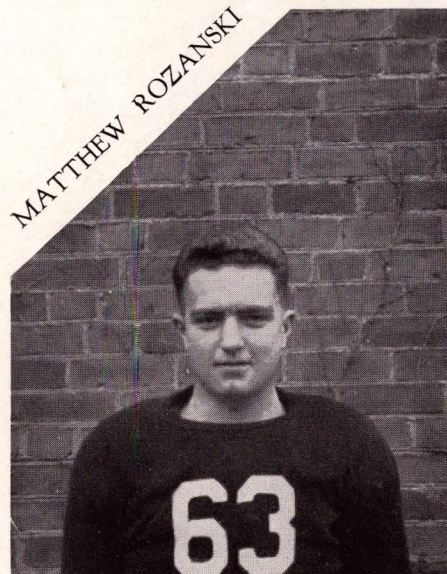
## GAVEL WIELDER

Step right up, folks, and meet this pretty, curly-haired senior. Yes, you've guessed it; she's Margaret Walsh ("Peg" to you), president of the Debating Club, Poetry Editor and Book-reviewer of THE STUDENT'S PEN. Peg's hobby, of course, is writing poetry. She is also fond of swimming, cooking, reading, and good dance music. She loves ice-skating and thinks fried chicken is tops in the line of food. The main factor in "Peg's" life at the present time is—well, see if you can make her tell you who he is. When not indulging in her numerous activities, "Peg" spends her time discussing Mr. Leahy's children with said teacher. Strange as it may see, "Peg" harbors a particular dislike for quiet study (here's your cue, you noisy people).

MARGARET WALSH



MATTHEW ROZANSKI



## CO-CAPTAIN

You can't miss him—in a crowd or on the gridiron! We are referring to Matt Rozanski, a tall, rugged individual, somewhat addicted to football and big, juicy hamburgers. Playing a tackle position he is one of Coach Stewart's mainstays at the grid sport. Matt is an exceedingly modest young chap—the strong, silent type. He has no special preference in girls. (Blondes and brunettes are treated with equal disdain).

JAMES BURGHARDT



## QUARTERBACK

Signals! 31—42—34! These are familiar words to Co-Captain Jimmy Burghardt, quarterback of the 1940-41 football squad. Between snores Jimmy will tell you that his favorite pastime is sleeping. Ahead of him lies a steep, tortuous road to a doubtful success, judging by his ambition. He hopes that someday he will win an argument from a certain Miss Kaliher!



**PROBLEM:** WHAT TO DO ABOUT THE BOYS WHOSE

SEATS FACE THE

GIRLS'

BASKET-

BALL

COURT?

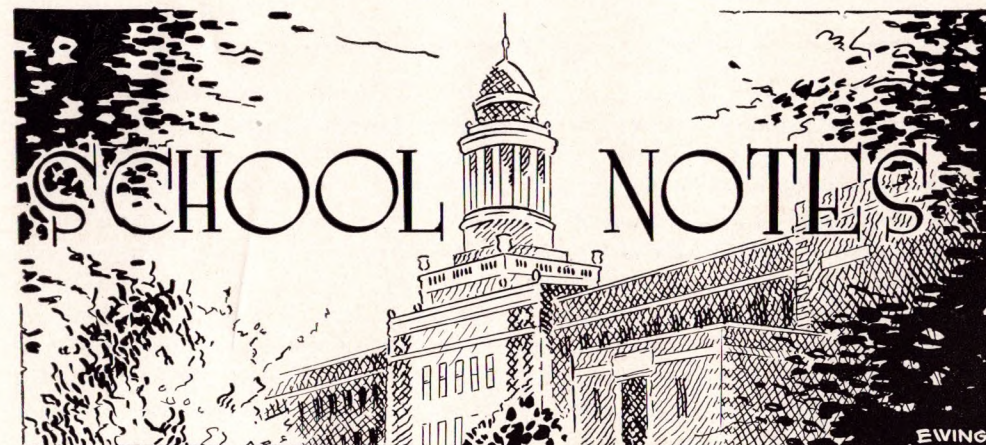


**SOLUTION:**

PUT THEM IN SEATS

NEAREST THE WALL.

*Don Boyd*



## SENIOR NOTES

On the opening day of school, we strutted in the door, our manner assured and our heads high. We were the Senior Class, filled with ambition and plans for annoying the sophs. The only thought that dampened our spirits was that this was our last year at P. H. S.

After the first few weeks of school had passed, much to the relief of the sophomores, we grew tired of practical jokes, and, much to the regret of the teachers, we lost our ambition.

We held our first meeting of the year and reelected the following officers to lead the class this semester:

*President, Edmund King; Vice President, Helen Wade; Secretary, Mary Broderick; Treasurer, Leonard Volk.*

We also decided to hold the operetta "Pirates of Penzance" next year on February 13 and 14. Everyone promises that this operetta will be as good (if not better) than the last two. No chairman has been elected as yet, but several have been nominated.

We're looking forward to a glorious last year.

## SENIOR RING COMMITTEE

During the fourth week of school, the members of the senior class were measured for their rings. The committee selected six different styles at varying prices for the class to choose from. The first order has been taken and everyone is waiting to see his selection.

William Cote is the chairman of the committee. The other members are Robert Gordon, Marjorie Salo, Jean Taylor, Donald Boyce, Barbara O'Hearn, William Pharmer, Ruth Edmunds, and Emily Whitman.

## JUNIOR NOTES

Even though we did wish for a longer summer vacation, it seemed mighty good to get back to P. H. S. We certainly enjoyed watching the gawky-eyed sophs roam around the building much more than we had ever expected. It seemed to soothe the grudge we held for our upperclassmen last year—and we were sophs once, remember?

We can still hear Mr. Strout telling us how to behave and how to set an example for the sophs at the assembly, Friday the 13th. Let's surprise him and be the best junior class yet.

## SOPHOMORE NOTES

At last we're here. After nine years of hard study, we entered the portals of P. H. S. and vainly tried to make a place for ourselves. What was our reward? We had to struggle to find the right room, wage fierce wars with our locks, and bear, with dignity, the taunts of our upperclassmen. But it was worth it.

Our cute yellow gym suits, although very light and hard to keep clean, have caused a great deal of comment.

We're going to do our best to make the Class of '43 a real credit to P. H. S.



## FACULTY VACATIONS

On June 24 we tossed aside our pencils and books and let cobwebs grow on our brains. We idled away the summer months and gave little, if any, thought to what the members of the faculty were doing. Perhaps a few of us supposed they were put away in a closet like our books and pencils. Prepare yourself for a surprise!

Mr. Conroy went on a long trip to the West coast and visited his sister in Washington. We hear his vacation was spoiled by talent scouts from Hollywood, but he remained faithful to P. H. S. and returned.

Miss Rhodes "took up" golf very seriously. Just ask her about her game. We hear she hits 'way below seventy. (Seventy yards!)

Mr. McKenna—pardon, Sergeant McKenna—went to Fort Devens. Just think, he spent the entire summer in a uniform. Don't be surprised to hear him shout "Forward, march!" when you stroll by him in the halls. Congratulations to Mr. C. McMahon. He was married this summer to Miss Helen Dunn.

## TRI-Y

The members of Tri-Y have elected the following girls into their club: Anne Pomerantz, Gladys Brundage, Elisabeth Urban, Jean De Loye, Lois Organ, Ruth Boos, Phyllis Leonard, Lois Dickard, Margaret Gruder, and Dorothy Calnan. The officers of the club, who were elected last fall, are *President*, Helen Wade; *Vice President*, Harriett Tanner; *Treasurer*, Ruth Ostrander; *Secretary*, Patricia Reynolds; *Warden*, Marjorie Bergain; and *Adviser*, Miss Kaliher.

## TRI HI

The members of Tri-Hi have elected the following girls into their club: Patricia Smith, Eleanor Eckerson, Jean Hough, Mary Elizabeth Cozzio, Peggy Walsh, Nancy McVeigh, and Muriel Elser. The officers for this year are *President*, Gloria Librizzi; *Vice President*,

Margarite Cutler; *Secretary*, Alice Prendergast; *Treasurer*, Virginia Gamwell; *Warden*, Gertrude O'Malley and *Adviser*, Mrs. Peterson.

## GI-Y

The officers for the coming year in Gi-Y are *President*, Mary Broderick; *Vice President*, Eleanor Elting; *Secretary*, Jean Scott; *Treasurer*, Rosemary Norton; *Warden*, Marion Blowe; and *Adviser*, Miss Norma Cady. New members that are coming into the club are Phyllis Camp, Patricia Hughes, Laura Easlin, Gloria Granfield, Ann Andrews, Margaret Cone, Barbara Conlin, Mary Harwood, Jane Hearn, Mary Virginia Murphy, Virginia Stafford, Priscilla Musgrove, Barbara O'Hearn, Mary Samale, and Sally Sisson.

## DID YOU EVER TELL A LIE?

On Tuesday, September 24, the school assembly series was opened by Captain Stern, lecturing about—of all things—lie detecting. After we had heard some of the astounding facts about crime and criminals, two seniors, Mary Broderick and Robert Gordon, submitted to tests by the lie detector. The school body was very much amused by the results.

If all the assemblies are one half as interesting and educational as this one, we shall enjoy them thoroughly.

## GET YOUR WINGS

Because of the growing importance of aviation throughout the world today and because of the great interest shown by the students, a new course in aviation has been added as a regular subject this year. The course is being conducted under the supervision of Mr. Herberg, head of the Math department, and is designed to give the student a practical knowledge of aeronautics and a stable foundation for later flight training. The course is proving very popular with the student body. This class may be the first step in the careers of future "Men with Wings."

## ON THE AIR

The new radio course, introduced for the first time this semester, is really an outgrowth of the Pittsfield High Radio Guild, conducted in past years as an extra curricular activity. Because of the overwhelming approval of the Guild by the student body and faculty, it was decided to place a radio course on the regular curriculum. It is conducted by Mr. John Joyce of the English Department, who is a fine radio and stage actor in his own right. The course is designed to give the student a practical training in such phases of radio work as sound effects, script writing, acting, and announcing. At the same time the students have the opportunity to write, announce, and present their own radio programs. This is a fine start for anyone interested in the radio field.

## HIGH LIGHTS

Congratulations to Mr. Joseph McMahon. As school opened, he became the proud father of twins, a boy and a girl. If he comes to school looking rather haggard, it's the result of walking the floor with the twins all night.

And congratulations to Mr. Sheridan, too. On October 4, a new daughter joined his family circle.

And not to be outdone, Mr. John E. Joyce announces the arrival of two bouncing boys on October sixth.

## SEEN AND HEARD AROUND THE SCHOOL

Cynthia Scribner voting twice in favor of an operetta . . . Carl Heidel grabbing the penny he dropped just before it rolled into the grates in front of the school . . . Joe Coughlin complaining bitterly about a certain study hall . . . Vic Thrane and Dot Roe doing themselves proud at the Lenox Academy Horse Show . . . Ginny Murphy unable to keep her shoes on . . . Red socks and more red socks . . . Button, Button, who's got the button for

Roosevelt, Willkie, and the traffic officers? . . . A member of the faculty is said to be a dog fancier. Sandy and Duchess look like blue ribbon winners to us, Mr. Geary. (Rumor has it that the next purchase is to be a wolfhound) . . . Miss Millet getting scared over some ketchup in the cafeteria . . . Mr. McKenna back in "civies" once more . . . Miss Rhodes walking to school . . . Miss Kaliher developing an aversion to potatoes. . . Miss Nagle receiving strange telephone calls. . . Fred Cande being razed about his ultra-modern vacation at Moosehead Lake . . . Mr. Leahy taking up football . . . Miss Rhodes offering to kiss a junior's hand . . . Pete Quattrochi faithfully "guarding" . . . Mary Broderick and Bob Gordon being lie detected? (Did you ever tell a lie, Mary? Better see if Captain Stern is anywhere around before answering that one!) . . . the strange products of the new college typing class—and we don't mean broken fingernails!

## MOTION PICTURE CLUB NEWS

The Motion Picture Club has started the year with the following officers: *President*, Olive Eurburn; *Vice President*, Mary Denno; *Recording Secretary*, Dorothy Collins; *Corresponding Secretary*, Shirley Patterson; *Treasurer*, Elaine Conroy; *Chairman Program Committee*, Barbara Clark; and *Chairman Reporting Committee*, Amilia Di Nicola. On October 4th, the club attended the showing of "Kit Carson" at the Capitol Theatre. This picture will serve as a topic for discussion at subsequent meetings.

## THE GIRLS' GLEE CLUB

Mr. Gorman was overwhelmed on September 24, we hear. It seems that one hundred sixty-six girls came to the second Girls' Glee Club rehearsal. Who can tell, perhaps one of them is a future Lily Pons. At any rate, this is one more example of how interested the students have become in music under Mr. Gorman's direction.



# AN EXCHANGE OF ORCHIDS

## MINUTE INTERVIEWS

All right, juniors and seniors, you've had your fun. Now tell us what you really think of the sophs.

JOE COUGHLIN—"They are slightly dismayed individuals whose intellects are not fully developed."

HELEN WADE—"I haven't seen enough of them to say. Maybe they're too small to notice."

PETER QUATTROCHI—"Some are pretty nice, but—?"

EVELYN DENNO—"Sophomores are good scouts. I was a soph myself—once."

DONALD CLARK—"She's nice!"

MARY BRODERICK—"Who can tell? With a little training they may develop into clever upperclassmen."

HANS UHLIG—"Were we ever like that?"

JEAN TAYLOR—"They're nice—but little."

BILLY COTE—"They're putrid!"

NORMA HASKINS—"Sophs are lucky; they have no dues to pay."

WILLYS MONROE—"They appear very confused with a tendency towards 'jitterbugging.'"

"JINNY" GAMWELL—"They leave me speechless!"

FRED CANDE—"Bewildered? That's putting it mild!"

JEAN SCOTT—"In general I think the sophs are very interesting."

FRED THRANE—"Gruesome— isn't it?"

HELEN HEIDEL—"Some aren't so bad. Others are terrible!"

EDITH BOYCE—"They're wee little tots who seem rather silly."

BOB GORDON—"Give them locks with keys!"

DOROTHY ARIGONI—"That's one topic I refuse to discuss!"

EDMOND KING—"They're a nice bunch—but they dash around too much."

## AND NOW

Gather 'round all you sophs. Here's your chance to get even with the upperclassmen. What do you think of the juniors and seniors? SALLY SISSON—"They're okay,—in their places."

KENNY SEXTON—"They're all right, but nothing unusual."

PEGGY ANN KEENEY—"Very typical!"

WILLIAM DELIVAN—"They're the nerts!"

PAT SMITH—"Some are good; some are bad."

BILLY BLAKE—"I'm not talking!"

VIRGINIA STAFFORD—"Why aren't sophs called 'sophisticated' and seniors 'silly'?"

DAN GRADY—"They get under my skin."

PRISCILLA MUSGROVE—"Pleasing, but often annoying!"

TOM FELIHY—"Very critical!"

EILEEN BLOOMBERG—"I don't think about them!"

FORBES CULLEN—"They're passable."

GLORIA CADEN—"Sweet, sophisticated little sunbeams."

DON GILBERT—"Too high and mighty."

JUNE CUSHMAN—"If they weren't so rough, they'd be nice."

TOM HEATON—"Keep them in private study halls."

JANICE CLARK—"They're all right—I guess."

BOB COWDREY—"They're the least important thing in my life!"

## QUESTIONS SOPHOMORES ASK

1. What's on the fourth floor?
2. When do we eat?
3. Which stairs do you go up?
4. Which stairs do you go down?
5. How important do you have to be to ride in the elevator?
6. How do you get a seat in the cafeteria?
7. What have upperclassmen got against us?

## HERE AND THERE

Sophs! Sophs! Sophs! Egad! They're driving us crazy.

Embarrassing Moments—The mighty senior discovering he can't remember where his home room is.

Familiar Sight—At 8.35—That puzzled chin-in-hand look everyone is giving his last night's homework.

Apparently the alumni of P. H. S. can't bear to leave. We saw several of last year's graduates floating around the halls—and they aren't P. G. (ing) either.

Senior Girls Only—Remember that long forgotten era when we were sophs and quite taken up with senior boys? Now we're seniors (at last) but what to do? Sophomore girls haven't changed a bit, and we're out in the cold.

Off the Record—We know a certain junior who inquired about leasing a seat in the cafeteria for the year to avoid the rush! Tch! Tch!

Fancy our surprise when we saw a sophomore standing in front of his locker, muttering "Open Sesame!" Well, at least that's an original thought.

Have you seen all those yellow slips in everyone's hand? Could it be our ambition has failed us?

Puzzling—All the seniors go to the third floor to see the sophs. All the sophs go to the second floor to see the seniors. Result? No one sees nobody, no how!

Orchids and an extra popsicle to the poor traffic officers in the cafeteria. It certainly is a hard job convincing hungry sophs that they've got to go around the tables, rather than over them.

Fashion Note—Although the girls' gym suits aren't that flashy red that blinded us last year, the little sophs are holding their own in a gorgeous shade of yellow!

Note to Coach Carmody—If your future football heroes need a little practice in rushing the ball, just send them up to the third floor at the end of the third period. That stampede

to the cafeteria (via the backstairs) is something!

Looking over a certain soph's shoulder in study hall, we saw him filling out the seating chart and putting his name in two spaces. Honestly, don't some people overestimate their importance?

Secret Sorrow—Don't tell a soul, but we know lots of seniors who haven't been up in the dome. Why couldn't it be arranged so these poor unfortunates could have a conducted tour to the very top of the high school?

Unsung Heroes—The noble souls who empty the pencil sharpeners. Try it and see!

Spy Work—A couple of juniors were at the senior class meeting—probably Fifth Columnists.

Have you heard all the talk going around about changing the calendar so all the holidays will fall on a Monday? We think it would be just perfect—or may be it would be lots better to do away with Monday completely! That would fix those teachers who insist on giving tests when we haven't recovered from the week-end.

Who cares about an education? We've searched through book after book, and we're still trying to find out "Who's Yehudi?"

Wanted: An invention to keep our beautiful fingernails, which have been thriving all summer, from breaking during the painful procedure of learning how to type.

Could it be that the hunting season has begun? You sportsmen had better look twice before you shoot, or you are liable to find yourselves in court—for spoiling a perfectly good feather on a young lady's chapeau.

We're waiting with apprehension for someone to start on the subject of S. S. G. The peace we've enjoyed so far has been wonderful. It's rather a relief to find it unnecessary to decide whether we're for or "agin" it.

We wonder where Mr. Conroy got that police whistle he uses in 102. It certainly serves the purpose.



## DISCoveries by... DICK

WELCOME music lovers—no doubt—to Ye Olde Music Corner of the STUDENT'S PEN. This hy'ar column will be mostly concerned with Richard's review of recent records. So much in the way of introduction—back to work.

Starting off the record review this month is GLEN MILLER, whose orchestra comes through with a coupling of *Fifth Avenue* and *I Wouldn't Take a Million*, which should certainly please all of you Ray Eberle, Marion Hutton, and Tex Beneke fans (fiends?). Beneke fans should also enjoy his singing and tenor sating on *What's Your Story, Morning Glory?* The reverse, *Crosstown*, is a clever opus whose melody is reminiscent of *In the Mood*. (Bluebird)

WOODY HERMAN's own tune, *Music by the Moon*, played and sung by Woody makes a fine combination; and also a fine, musical sweet record. If you like your music humorous, listen to the Herman Herd's *Bessie's Blues*—the band displays a grand musical sense of humor. (Decca)

The greatest dance band of all time—and that is without qualification—DUKE ELLINGTON's, makes one of the greatest records of all time with the waxing of *Sophisticated Lady* and *Stormy Weather*. Plenty of excellent, but not blary jazz is on this disc. (Columbia)

The CHARLIE BARNET band—"the blackest white band in captivity"—shows all of the white orchestras how to play real negroid swing in the Barnett reading of the Duke's *The Sergeant Was Shy* and in another Ellington composition, *Ring Dem Bells*. (Bluebird)

Terry Allen—bandom's most underrated singer—does a superb job on LARRY CLINTON's *A Brown Bird Singing*. Tschaikowsky's *Dance of the Candy Fairy* receives a novel treatment via an excellent Clinton arrangement and Larry's fine reed section. (Bluebird)



By Margaret Walsh

WE'RE back in school again, but I'm sure that nearly everyone can find a few extra minutes every day to put aside for reading. In your school library there is a fine selection of books for your enjoyment as well as for reference.

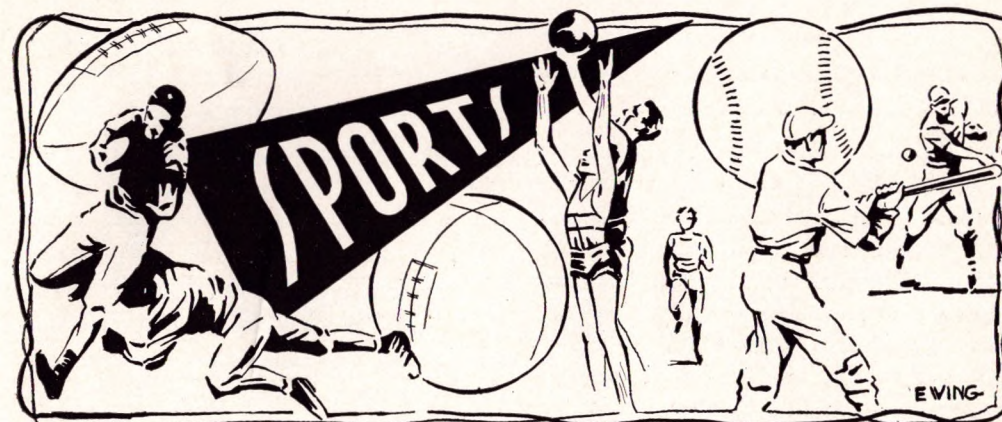
Richard Llewellyn's famed novel, "How Green Was My Valley", the story of the loves, the heartbreaks, and the tragedies of a mining family in the valleys of South Wales, is a superb work of literature, written with beauty and simplicity. It is a book which no person, young or old, can afford to miss.

For lighter reading, and especially for girls, we recommend "Sue Barton, Student Nurse" by Helen Boylston. This book depicts the life of a young woman in a great city hospital, and tells in an interesting manner of her many unusual experiences with her patients and fellow workers.

For further reading:

Inside Europe, by John Gunther  
Fuller at Harvard, by Robert Playfair  
Penny Marsh, by Dorothy Deming  
The Scribner Radio Music Library (8 vol.)  
Young America's Music (3 vol.)  
Two Quarterbacks, by Arthur Sampson  
Sports... at West Point, by W. H. Baumer  
Aircraft Yearbook for 1940  
A Candle in the Mist, by Florence Means  
She's Off to College, by Alsop & McBride

If WILL BRADLEY's two sided disc of *In a Little Spanish Town* and *As Long As I Live* is any indication of what these boys produce regularly, then this is the band to watch during the coming year. The former tune displays a fine arrangement, a fine rhythm section, and two choruses of Will's "sliphorn". *As Long As I Live* shows off a good arrangement, a great rhythm section, and some fine soloists.



### GREENFIELD 13—PITTSFIELD 12

At Beacon Field, on September 28, seven hundred spectators watched a scrappy Pittsfield eleven wage a hard fight against its powerful rival, Greenfield. Although the home team gained sixteen first downs to the visitors' one, both teams crossed the goal lines twice.

Outstanding for Pittsfield were Ev. Gleason and Co-Captain Jimmy Burghardt. Their 62 and 61 yard jaunts, respectively, were the features of the game.

The Purple's first play was a thriller. Gleason, receiving the ball from center, started for the left side of the line. Enough blocks were thrown to give him a chance to get in the open. Then he gave forth a burst of speed—down the sidelines and across the goal.

Mezejewski attempted to kick the extra point, but the opposing ends promptly smothered him.

Driving their way to five consecutive first downs, Greenfield, in the opening minutes of the second stanza, scored a touchdown. The conversion was successful.

In the beginning of the second half Burghardt on a center plunge, smashed through the Greenfield secondary and traveled sixty-one yards for a touchdown. Pittsfield hopes were high, even though another of Mezejewski's kicks was blocked. The score was at that time 12 to 7, in favor of Pittsfield. A few minutes later, however, found the Shire City boys with their backs up against their own goal posts.

Koblinski, the Greenfield fullback, crossed the line again, but failed to convert the extra point. The score now read 13 to 12, with Greenfield on top.

Smith, Haley, and MacHaffie, substitute linesmen, showed much promise. MacHaffie will probably be assigned the regular center berth, replacing Leo Sammon.

Though there were a few weak spots in the Pittsfield line, we are assured by Coach Carmody that all this will clear up as the team plays through its schedule.

### REVERSAL?

Do you remember this past year's gridiron season? We may safely say that most of us will never forget it. The season of 1939 was one of the most dismal in the annals of Pittsfield High's football history. Losing all but the last game with St. Joseph, and locking in a scoreless tie with Drury, our gallant little team, outweighed and outplayed, but not outfought, struggled valiantly against their seemingly inevitable defeat.

The prospects seem a little more promising this fall. Though outplayed by far, we almost upset the "dope" when we succumbed to a heavier Greenfield team by a margin of one point. Playing Technical High of Springfield on October 5 we battled to a scoreless tie.

Following Springfield, we played Agawam and Adams. Next come Drury and Poughkeepsie, with St. Joe., as usual ending the season. These first games are listed as out of town, the last two being played at home.



## NEWS FLASHES SHIRE CITY INVADED!

Springfield.—Employing but one motorized unit (an obsolete school bus), Technical High School's crack troops swept into Pittsfield on October 5 and almost immediately took over the Dorothy Deming Playground.

While hundreds of the terrified populace sat huddled in the bleachers, the Springfield regulars unleashed a terrific attack on the defending Purple and White regiment. The defending line crumbled under the fierce assaults of our brave lads in orange. Led by the intrepid Capt. Jack Abair, Technical boys stormed the wall again and again—only to be beaten back by high powered Mezejewski artillery.

We carried out a series of ten aerial attacks against the enemy, of which two reached their objective for a net gain of forty-one yards. Our ground forces advanced one hundred forty-six yards, making a grand total of one hundred eighty-seven yards gained.

The enemy was forced to yield after an hour of hostilities.

## PITTSFIELD TURNS ORANGE TIDE

Pittsfield—Dorothy Deming Playground was the hot spot of activity October 5, when a powerful group of Springfield warriors swept on to the field from the South and attempted to take the place by storm. Aided by a greater store of experience, the Orange raiders early in the attack threatened the very stronghold of the defenders. However, the high powered Mezejewski artillery finally turned them back.

Eight out of ten enemy aerial attacks were rendered ineffective by our alert ground crew. Also our own forces carried out three successful aerial attacks, which resulted in substantial gains for us.

At the end of only one hour of offensive operations the enemy retreated in full rout, leaving numerous popsicle sticks in a trail behind their bus.

## "AN AMERICAN TRAGEDY," 28—0

In the third game of their schedule, a good Pittsfield High football team was entertained (?) by a superlative Agawam team. The game opened favorably enough for Pittsfield. Walker and Pisano ran in to receive Pittsfield's opening kick-off. They collided, but not hard enough to do Pittsfield any noticeable harm. Then ensued a punting duel which consumed most of the remaining period. Not quite enough, however, for on the last play, Pisano plunged over for the score which culminated a drive to take Agawam from their own forty-one to the "Promised Land." Mason converted for the extra point.

From that point until the final whistle, Agawam had things pretty much their own way. Pisano scored twice more, and to prevent his having a monopoly on the scoring, Neilson tripped the light fantastic across the goal line into "pay dirt."

But to get back to our team, we did outdo our opponents on two accounts. Teddy Mezejewski punted over and around Agawam with an average punt of 43.3 yards, which is good on any man's girdiron. Pittsfield's other high spot in an otherwise dismal afternoon lay in the fact that in running back kick-offs, they outgained their opposition 61 to 16. Of course, Agawam kicked off four times to our two, but even so a sizable advantage remained.

Available specimens of the massacre are Jim Burghardt, Tony Procopio, Eddie Hanna, Red Arcker, and Teddy Mezejewski, all of whom sustained injuries and are willing to testify that Agawam was playing for keeps. Their bruises are not only numerous but in embarrassing positions. Well, enough of this orgy. And to conclude let me say "Peace on earth, (after a gain of 7.8 yards a try) good will toward men." and Adams, here we come!



The hero of P. H. S., John Grady, president of the class of 1940, has entered Providence College.

Al Roche, last year's football captain, and Hayward Carsely have entered The Berkshire School in Sheffield.

Bruce Hainsworth, former editor of THE STUDENT'S PEN, and Robert Cahall have entered Worcester Polytechnic Institute.

Talking about polytechnic institutes, Robert Cranston and Stephen Yeragunis (member the baron?) are helping to make up the freshman class at Rensselaer.

George Walsh and Joseph Barry are registered at Holy Cross in Worcester.

William Tucker, Milton Howe, Arthur Teot, Milton Bass, Robert Kelly (Kay Kayser to you) Betty Huban, Mary Quinn, and Don Page have enrolled at Massachusetts State College.

Virginia Amerio is to continue her music studies at Oberlin Conservatory of Music.

Frank Fish attends classes at Milford School in Connecticut.

Benning Monk and Bob Johnson are now wearing the uniform of Norwich University, Northfield, Vermont.

Jimmy Hourihan has joined the Army Air Corps and is stationed at Panama. Also in the service is Richard La Barbera, who is an acting corporal in the United States Army at Camp Devens.

David Strout, one of our star artists of last year, has entered The Providence School of Design.

Our little western friend, Dorothy Atkin, is enrolled at Park University, Mo.

Frank Smith and Eileen Smith are taking up business administration at Bryant College, Providence, R. I.

Arthur Peltasalo is out at Purdue University, Indiana.

Wellesley and Vassar have as incoming freshmen Pamela Walker and Barbara Myers, respectively.

William Eckerson will be skiing this winter for the honor of Colgate.

Quiet little Ruth Bassett is studying at Bay Path this term.

Herbert Boyajian is pursuing higher knowledge at Swarthmore.

Linwood Langley of the class of June '39 is a pre-medical student at Johns Hopkins University.

Dorothy Humphrey will be nursing our aches and pains when she graduates from Cooley-Dickinson Hospital in Northampton where she is now in training.

Glenora Fryer will return to Pittsfield with a southern accent. The reason: she is studying at Brenau College, Georgia.

Jean Lennox and Jean Kane are at Green Mountain Junior College.

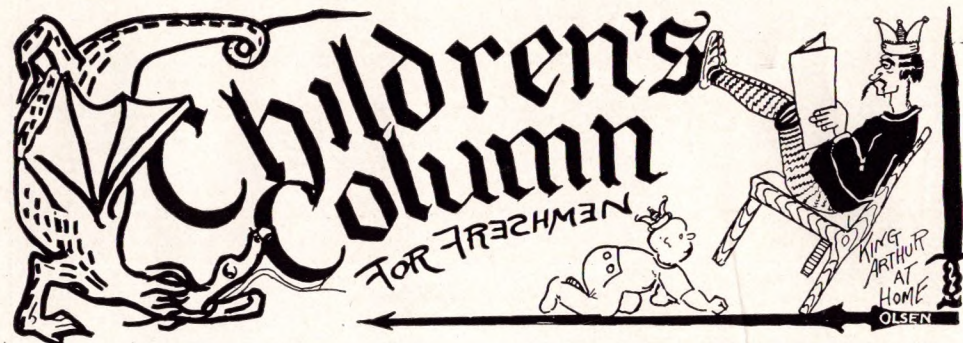
Virginia Retallick is taking Home Ec. at Framingham.

Helen Prendergast is taking a course at Our Lady of the Elms.

Betty Wade is entered as a freshman at the University of North Carolina.

Frances Conlin is a freshman at Smith College.





### WHAT SONGS MEAN TO THE STUDENT

Anchors Aweigh—Beginning of school.  
 Lazy Bones—Any study hall.  
 Deep Purple—A blushing Soph.  
 God Bless America—The school's sentiment.  
 You Can't Brush Me Off—The peach fuzz on a soph's chin.  
 The Breeze and I—A student rushing to class  
 Stormy Weather—A student going to class without his homework.  
 I'll Never Smile Again—A student after one of Miss Kaliher's tests.

Mary had a little lamb,  
 Then she had some mutton,  
 Then she had a little beef,  
 Wasn't she a glutton?

Soph: "Will you buy me a rabbit to help me with my math?"

Father: "How can a rabbit help you with your math?"

Soph: "Well, I heard that rabbits can multiply fast."

Flyer: "Is this parachute guaranteed to open?"

Salesman: "Yes sir, if it doesn't, you get your money back."

Mr. Lynch: "Does water attract electricity?"

Junior: "Yes."

Mr. Lynch: "Prove it."

Junior: "Every time I take a bath, the phone rings."

### TRY THIS

You can't fold a paper more than 7 times.

It has been announced the "The Pirates of Penzance" will be the senior operetta. So strap on your cutlasses, my buckos, we're going to search for pirate treasure.

Mr. Lynch's physics classes have already been formally (?) introduced to the meter stick.

Why does everyone think that a boy 5'5" is a soph?

Wife: "You look all tired out."

Postman: "Who wouldn't? I've been looking all over for a man named 'Fragile'."

1st Angel: "I'm hungry."

2nd Angel: "Me, too. Let's have a piece of devil's food cake."

Soph: "I thought I heard a noise."

Junior: "What do you usually hear, silence?"

Dumb Soph: "I have been here two months and I don't seem to be getting ahead."

Bright Junior: "Try using your own."

Mr. Leahy is at a loss. We hear one of his bright students thought he was experimenting with "ironic" oxide—could he mean laughing gas?

October, 1940

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